A TOUGH YARN.

AIR : Wonderful Crocodile.

Ladies and gents, if you will list a little while to me,
I'll tell you a tale happened some years ago at sea;
But lest that you should not believe what I now tell to you,
As I have witness'd it myself, I'll swear that it was true---
Chorus.---Fol lol, &c.

In a naval action once engaged, and firing away like fun,
While round and grape and canister shot was sweeping every gun---
After the fight we muster'd hands, and a stranger muster'd too;
Yet tho' he was upon our deck, he was not of our crew!
Chorus.---Fol lol, &c.

----What ship? said our Captain, where do you hail?---How did you get aboard?
But there he stood and scratch'd his head and never said a word:
Till an old tar, slueing his quid, replied---What I sees there's no denying
From the bow gun of the enemy's ship, I saw that chap come flying.
Chorus.---Fol lol, &c.

We christen'd him in a tub of grog, and Tom Pepper we named him,
He drank all the grog that he came near; but there no sailor blamed him
He eat more grub than all the crew, and such queer tricks did play,
That they ramm'd him into our bow-gun and they fired him away!
Chorus---Fol lol, &c.

I'd been on shore for a many long months, and took a trip in a barque,
Till one day as we were becalm'd, we caught a monstrous shark;
And in this shark we found a brig with provender well stor'd,
'Mongst pork and beef the thundering thief, Tom Pepper, was on board!!
Chorus.---Fol lol, &c.

He cleared the deck a loocker round of all the grub he saw,
But still there was not half enough to fill his hungry naw;
And lest a famine he should breed, the crew dragg'd him on deck,
And overboard they threw poor Tom, with the grindstone round his neck.
Chorus.---Fol lol, &c.

I sail'd about for many long years: ---Thinks I: I'll cruise no more,
And as I've got some gold on board, I'll have a cruise on shore.
So sailing over Tower Hill, with two of my new wives,
I saw Tom Pepper at a grindstone, grinding old scissors and knives!!
Chorus.---Fol lol, &c.

----Hillo. said I: Tom, now's all this? I thought you was fast asleep,
With the carpenters grindstone round your neck, moor'd in the ocean deep.
Says Tom: I did not like my berth, and I felt inclined to roam,
So I slipp'd my cable, and took a passage on the grindstone home!
Chorus.---Fol lol, &c.

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